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CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA.

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It is from Cheyne Walk, at Chelsea, that the grand waterside terrace, which is to extend to the Adelphi, and perhaps be carried on to London-bridge, is to start. This spot, long celebrated as the resort of eminent men, will thus become part of a mag-

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nificent highway. The curious will find pleasure in contemplating it as it is, and comparing its retired and secluded aspect now, with that which it may shortly be expected to wear. At a future day they will read with interest what it is at the present moment.

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THE MIRROR.

Passing along Cheyne Walk, the tomb of Sir Hans Sloane meets the eye. Here that eminent man, in 1740, retired from active business at the age of fourscore. Here a lively imagination may picture the venerable physician inhaling the fresh breeze from the river in the evening of his useful life, and resting his aged limbs on the seat where Sir Thomas More had lingered before him, and collecting what traditions might be preserved of that eminent man, as we may now seek for what relates to Sir Hans.

At Chelsea, George Edwards mentions, in his Essays on Natural History, during his thirteen years of retirement, for Sloane lived to see his ninety-third year, he seldom missed drinking coffee with the good Sir Hans Sloane on a Saturday, where, on the 10th of January, 1753, he had the affliction to find his venerable friend in the agonies of death. "I continued with him," he adds, "later than any one of his relations, but was obliged to retire, his last agonies being beyond what I could bear; though under his pain and weakness of body, he seemed to retain a great firmness of mind, and resignation to the will of God." This account of an eye-witness, and a man of veracity, is not a little at variance with the inscription on the tomb to which references has been made, which records that he died "without the least pain of body, and with a conscious serenity of mind."

A vast catalogue of eminent names might be enumerated, if it were intended to mention all the distinguished persons who have habitually honoured this noble promenade with their presence. When it was first formed it is a matter somewhat doubtful. Faulkner, in his History, says—"It is the opinion of Mr. Whitaker that the embankment of the Thames to the east and west of London was the work of the Romans, and that these stupendous ramparts were constructed in an age of comparative refinement, but anterior to all our authentic records. This plausible conjecture seems so congenial with the taste and enterprise of the Romans, that it requires no elaborate argument to ensure conviction, so far as it relates to the immediate vicinity of London and Southwark, but with respect to the embankment of the shores of this parish, this was certainly the work of ages, much posterior to the Norman Conquest, nor was it even completed before the latter end of the seventeenth century, for, from the manorial records, we find them to have been frequently imperfect, whilst the keeping them in good order, was a subject of dispute between the lord of the manor and his tenants concerning his right of repair. Subsequently, however, the banks and walls have all been put into excellent condition throughout the whole extent of Cheyne

Walk, and the public road has been raised, and brilliant gas-lamps have been put up at stated distances. All these improvements together, render this part of Chelsea one of the most delightful esplanades in the whole county, the *coup-d'ceil* being at all times heightened by beautiful views into Surrey and Kent, and adorned by the tide of the noble Thames, rolling as it were beneath the spectator's feet—

"Hastening to pay his tribute to the sea." DANHAM.

FABLE.

BY DR. EDWARDS.

In the present refined and advanced intellectual era, this species of composition gives place to others more suitable to the character of the age. It is not, however, undeserving of attention, not only as a fact in literary history, and one marking its several stages, but as a method of instruction, and as one of the simplest forms of the allegory, its study being especially calculated to please and to feed the young fancy. In the early and ruder ages, it was perhaps the only method of instruction that could have been understood and appreciated; and what was thus first used through necessity, has since been retained through choice, on account of the elegance of its manner of address to the understanding, and its easy and quick mode of insinuating moral sentiment to the heart. We cannot dispense with them either in literary or moral composition. Blending the two together, we may safely aver that no method of instruction has been more ancient, universal, and perhaps effectual: a single fable has decided the fate of a kingdom, and formed or regulated the manners and morals of many states for centuries. As to the manner of conveying instruction by apostrophe or fable in general, in addition to its own recommendation, it has many good vouchers of antiquity. But waving all quotations from thence, the testimony of a modern, who will be equally respected, and who will be better capable of judging, living at a time when the progress of learning has furnished other helps, with such a diversity of range for both judgment and the fancy. "Fables," says Mr. Addison, "were the first pieces of wit that made their appearance in the world; and have been still highly valued, not only in times of the greatest simplicity, but among the most polite ages of mankind. Jotham's Fable of the Trees is the oldest that is extant, and as beautiful as any that have been made since that time. Nathan's Fable of the Poor Man and his Lamb, is likewise more ancient than any that is extant, besides the above-mentioned, and had so good

an effect, as to convey instruction to the ear of a king without offending it, and to bring the man after God's own heart to a right sense of his guilt and of his duty. We find *Aesop* in the most distant ages of Greece. And, if we look into the very beginning of the Commonwealth of Rome, we see a mutiny among the common people appeased by the Fable of the Belly and its Members; which was, indeed, very proper to gain the attention of an incensed rabble, at a time when, perhaps, they would have torn to pieces any man who had preached the same doctrine to them in an open and direct manner. As Fables took their birth in the very infancy of learning, they never flourished more than when learning was at its greatest height. To justify that assertion, I shall put my reader in mind of Horace, the greatest wit and critic in the Augustine age; and of Boileau, the most correct poet among the moderns; not to mention La Fontaine, who, by this way of writing, is come more into vogue than any other author of our times."

Fable admits of such a wide range, and such a rich variety, that no kind of writing can equal it, if we consider its brevity. It is a sort of drama, in which all nature, animate and inanimate, invites the wand of the creative fancy. Not only the whole animal creation, and birds, beasts, and insects, but every species of the vegetative creation, and even hills and valleys, houses and minerals, by a bold prosopopoeia, discourse and act as his judgment and fancy dictate. There is nothing, in short, whether any virtue or vice, passion or disease, speech or action, but what he may personify.

The style of each little fiction should be in strict keeping with the subject and the characters and properties personified. An extensive and accurate acquaintance with natural history, and we might also add, general knowledge, becomes as necessary to the fabulist who would excel, as a knowledge of the tenets of sound moral philosophy and social jurisprudence. The most instructive and beautiful fable may be mutilated, or even fail either to please or impress. In proof of this, we might refer both to several translations of *Aesop*, and to original compositions both in our own country and elsewhere. The ordinary style should be at once easy, natural, suitable, and yet elegant. The writer must be cautious of putting anything like laboured descriptions, studied phrases, hackneyed expressions, pompous epithets, or high-flown metaphors, into the mouths of his characters. Incidental embellishment, such as are given by Fontaine, or something to give effect, may often be advantageously introduced, especially when they tend to illustrate the story or the moral. Fable, as we

shall shortly show, may be regarded as a kind of poetry; and an acquaintance with some of the other different species of poetry may occasionally enable the fabulist to enliven his story, such as the pastoral, the didactic, the elegy, and the satire. But there must be no sort of episode which is not natural and graceful, none that will retard in the pursuit of the main action. Descriptions may also give vigour, but they must be concise and to the point, and not too frequent. Slight touches of humour are not inadmissible, if introduced with address. There are also other subsidiaries that may afford nameless grace, which is more easily discernible to the polished and refined taste than admits of description.

In the selection of persons, care must be taken to assign them their proper stations, language, and manners. This must be obvious to the child, who would scarcely, in his thirst, attempt at composition, if requested to write a fable, represent an ass as wise or great, bear as graceful, or paint the sheep as cruel, or the wolf as compassionate. The more closely each hero of the fable follows his own natural character, the more will it lull the judgment, and give to story—what is the beauty and perfection of story—the semblance of truth. We do not require much to stretch the fancy to imagine certain well-known animals, with whose destructive features of character and behaviour we are acquainted, to assume the power of reason and speech, especially as both sacred and profane literature and popular phraseology, give to men the properties and even the names of animals. The due consorting of suitable characters must also be studied. There is similarity, sociability, and friendship, and the opposite, that are well known to exist amongst the different species of the lower creation, and if the arrangement of the persons which imagination has raised offend probability, the fable must proportionably lose its beauty and vigour. This is not of so much importance whilst we attempt to paint animate beings, as we may here occasionally give a contrast, which, like the antithesis in style, may serve to heighten the impression, but inanimate objects will not admit of the same license. To illustrate this from one of *Aesop's* fables, the axe may solicit a new handle, or the moon request some new fashionable dress; but to represent the axe praying for a pair of boots, or the moon as a rogue, would violate all the forms of metaphor, and so become absurd. It is natural even for prosaic writers to personify at times almost every individual object both of nature and art, and thus a fable, where the fiction is artfully managed, the deceptiveness of the appearance almost equals that which is seen in the representations of instinct. The fabulist here only

appears to have followed the natural turn of his fancy, and the recognised established analogies either of nature or poetic invention, the latter being, if good, founded on the former. To personify the primrose as a character of youthful modesty or unpatronised merit, or the sunflower of constancy, in contrast with an opposite character, would only represent them as poets have from time immemorial been accustomed to do. Thus one of our poets sings of the former,

"The primrose pale, is nature's meek and modest child."

And another,

"The primrose, tenant of the glade,
Emblem of virtue in the shade."

Poets also sing of the "amorous vine," "the tender herb," "the proud stalk" and, indeed, the resemblance between animate and inanimate things, between man and universal nature, is often so striking, that to attribute certain mental or moral qualities to them is consistent with the utmost propriety. A rose may as justly pourtray the pride and ostentation of female beauty, as a lion the powers and dignity of a prince.

In reference to the moral, it may be sufficient to observe, that it should generally be easily read in the progress of the little drama; it may, however, sometimes, if ingeniously managed, as greater ability may be thus displayed, be either refined, so as to prove a sort of riddle; but this will be assumption, a deviation from simplicity, unless the whole train is well sustained; and the moral, when it is fully known, discovered to be ingeniously contained in the story. Not only particular vices or virtues must be drawn, but their different shades and proportions. Two characters may be alike, distinguished for the same vice or virtue, the same high wisdom or grovelling folly, and yet each may have his peculiar method of manifesting them, socially or publicly. And this affords an ample field for the nice discrimination of the judgment, and the rich fertility of the fancy. Elegant in style, appropriate in its character, each fable should equally excel in the point and power and correctness of its moral.

It will be unnecessary to dwell longer on the qualifications of the fabulist, or the graces and virtues that are required to enliven and enrich this species of fiction. Let us make an observation in reference to the nature of fable. It must appear obvious to every one acquainted with the constituent elements of poetry, that fable may be regarded as a species of that art. Poetry is not the art of making verse or rhyme, though this may be desirable, or even necessary to give it, and show it off in its real beauty and vigour. The following definition of Baron Biolfeld is more just, who defines it to be "the art of expressing our thoughts

by fiction." A didactic work, written in the most mellifluous verse, if in the simple style containing no images, fiction, or ornament, cannot be styled poetry, whereas the *Telemachus* of Fenelon, and many other works of a similar kind, in which fancy paints things in a new and agreeable light, partakes essentially of poetic composition. Hence the fable evidently merits to be thus classed. Creation is the highest order of poetry; and the fabulist who raises numerous orders of ideal beings into a state of action and intelligence, has an undoubted claim to this first distinction of the poet.

We stated, or rather should, at the beginning, that the composition of a fable affords a good exercise both for the judgment and fancy. In the school in which the writer studied at Paris, it used to be a customary exercise once every week. Such a lesson might thus prove more useful than a dry thesis, and elicit both the imagination and judgment in a way far more powerful and perfect than the other. At all events, as it is, or ought to be, the great aim of a teacher to combine interest with instruction, and to cultivate the imagination in conjunction with the intellect, it is certainly an experiment in tuition not unworthy of an occasional trial.

RAILWAY MONOPOLY.

The important changes made on the whole face of the country by the railroads now existing or proposed to be constructed, renders the subject one of great importance to almost every individual in the community. It may be expected that it will shortly be discussed in Parliament, and new light thrown upon it. At present some disappointment is felt at the recent decision of the Board of Trade on the projects submitted to them. The disappointment arises from a supposed leaning in favour of existing railways. The Board may have reasons for this, which have not yet met the public eye, but some very strong reasons might, so it strikes us, be suggested in favour of pursuing an opposite course. An intelligent correspondent suggested that the following principles ought to be acted upon:—"No old line should form a new one between the same termini; because it prevents improvement in scientific working, in speed, in accommodation, in economy; because it leaves the public at the mercy of one body of individuals, and is contrary to the English constitution, which is freedom arising from competition, both as regards principles and commerce; because it leaves the capita necessary for the formation of these works, in the hands of only one body of individuals, precludes the circulation of such capita

throughout the country; because, if the existing line is unprofitable it lays an unjust tax on the new road."

To prefer the existing companies where new railroads are wanted, certainly tends to create enormous monopolies, which are already not unfrequently the subject of complaint. To be sure we are admonished that we ought to be very careful how we raise competition, to the prejudice of established railways where such an enormous amount of capital has been invested. It is all very well for those who are now making fortunes by such speculations to tell us this; but what investments did they respect when they were commencing their operations? Whose park, whose garden, whose dwelling did they spare? The cry was then—"The interests of individuals must give way for the public good." The argument was a strong one. But is it not now as good against, as ever it was for them? If a direct line can be obtained, why is an indirect one to be preferred? The public convenience must be looked at, and the new-born railways are not better entitled to protection than the canals and the ancient coach roads.

A LATE TRIP TO PARIS.

"All is new and strange. We cross a narrow sea; we land on a shore which we have contemplated from our own; and we awake, as it were, in another planet. The very child that lisps there, lisps in words to which we are unaccustomed."—*Samuel Rogers.*

Numerous friends have expressed their wish to be made acquainted with some particulars of my recent visit to Paris, as one of a party of four, anxious for a change of scene, and to witness the manners of our gayer neighbours, to see their capital, and endeavour to gain a more minute knowledge of the contents of their public exhibitions than is possible, except by travel. In complying with this wish, I am willing to think that the general readers of *The Mirror* will not be displeased to have a few notes of Paris placed before them.

Though I had before visited the continent, yet I had not previously had an opportunity of seeing Paris; and the day of my starting from London for the purpose of gratifying the great wish I had to become acquainted with that city, was therefore a day of no little expectation, no slight gaiety of spirits. The morning, moreover, was fine—how could it be otherwise in the early part of last September?—and, mounting, with my friends, the roof of the only Southampton coach, which the all-engrossing railway has left to starve upon the road, there was no lack of speculation on the variety of topics suggested by our project. A more pleasant ride could scarcely be con-

ceived, the coach passing through the towns of Guildford, Farnham, Alton, and Winchester, by a line which intersects the famous hop district in Surrey and Sussex, and presents scenery, in the central portion of the route, of a highly interesting description.

The High-street of Guildford wore an exceedingly animated appearance. It was market day, and the business which was being transacted, added to the aspect of the picturesque houses in some parts of the town, had a prepossessing effect. Cobbett has, though in a somewhat exaggerated strain, called this the most pleasing and happy town in England. Certainly, its situation, and the scenery around, are delightful; and as soon as you quit it, in the direction of Southampton, you ascend the well-known Hog's Back, along the crown of which you ride for some miles. Of the towns of Farnham and Alton, it is unnecessary to speak; and who has not read of Winchester, the ancient capital of the kingdom, the early abode of princes, the site of countless monastic establishments, and still remarkable for its towering cathedral? The entrance to the county town of Southampton is charming in the extreme. The agreeable country on either side of the road, the disposition of the trees, and the well-kept walks, are only rivalled by the lively High-street, and the handsome shops of the town, with its appropriate pier and quays, and river prospects.

Having viewed Southampton, we embarked on board the steamer sailing for Havre-de-Grace, distant from Southampton 122 miles, in a south-easterly direction. I will not detain the reader by any worn-out picture of the manners and customs of the numerous passengers of the steam-boat during her fifteen hours' progress through the waves. Suffice it to say, that the tedium of the voyage was relieved by the brightness of a moon almost full, and by the dawn of a Sunday of the finest possible weather, under which we landed at Havre, at noon.

After presenting "those horrid passports;" clearing our baggage, under the auspices of the *lady* who presided at the Custom-house, dressing, and breakfasting, there was leisure to see the town. With Havre, every one, who has never seen a French town before, must be greatly pleased. Being Sunday, the people were more especially calculated to attract attention, as well-dressed persons always must; and the French, thus seen for the first time, appeared to considerable advantage. As to the town, the quays are handsome; the houses large, with the customary abundance of window-glass, and the usual variety of colour on the façades; and extensive shipping crowded the port, which the

reader is aware is one of the most important in the kingdom. Allusion has just been made to the circumstance of the employment, by the government, of females in the Custom-house. This is one of the characteristics of the country. Female clerks are to be seen in railway offices, at the *bureaux* of the Parisian Theatres, and in other places, too numerous to mention; and lady-scavengers are engaged to sweep the streets of the most polite city in the world.

Having been certified, at the passport office, to be good men and true, we, in the morning, proceeded to Rouen, by the steam-boat which leisurely makes its way daily up the Seine to that renowned city. This is a source of pleasure which no visitor to Paris should deny himself by taking another route; it is infinitely more pleasant than the way by Dieppe or Boulogne. The beautiful winding stream; the varied prospects; and, above all, the unique cottages secluded on its shores, together with the lovely towns and villages scattered in the immediate vicinity of the current, give rise to the most agreeable sensations. Add to this, that there is always among the passengers some intelligent Frenchman, anxious and proud to talk about his native land to an appreciating foreigner; and an excellent dinner may be procured on board.

In about six hours and a half, the famed city of Rouen appeared in view, with its lofty houses, spacious quays, bridges, and, to mar the sight, the harpies from the inns, whose object it is to seize the unwary traveller, and lodge him, whether he will or not, should he have taken no precautionary steps by possessing himself of some knowledge of the place. But this is a trifle. Such a mere sublunary matter cannot much trouble those who choose to direct their thoughts in consonance with the dictates of common sense; and to the lover of scenery, the interval which must elapse preparatory to landing can be well spent admiring the wood-crowned heights which soar above the city, and confer upon it a romantic charm that must be seen to be appreciated. To, one, however, whose chief object is to mix among the Parisians, there is not much to cause a long stay at Rouen. A few hours spent in examining the general aspect of the town, and in contemplating the architectural wonders of the magnificent cathedral, and the almost equally renowned church of St. Ouen, will probably be found sufficient by those who only take the city in their way.

The evening, therefore, saw our party moving towards the capital by the railway, which was completed a short time since, intersecting a beautiful tract of country, and crossing the Seine, which we had quitted at Rouen, a hundred times, in consequence of the never ceasing windings of

the stream throughout the whole distance. Midnight found us, all fast asleep, I doubt not, in the upper regions of the well-known spacious Hôtel de Paris, in the very heart of the fashionable portion of the city, in the Rue Richelieu. It may be here remarked, that the principal hotels of Paris, indeed all to which a traveller would go, are built on three sides of an extensive court, to which there is an entrance on the fourth, unoccupied side. They are lofty, in common with the buildings generally of Paris.

Adequately to describe Paris would require no little talent, and no small amount of space. It exceeded all I had expected, chiefly with regard to the splendour of its quays, its palaces, gardens, walks, columns, triumphal arches, fountains, churches, and exhibitions. There is no place where food for curiosity or taste can be so easily found, by the lover of the arts, one fond of music and theatrical performances, the studious inquirer into the manners and customs of foreigners, or one who delights in the contemplation of splendid public works.

Perhaps, a notion of what Paris is, may be most readily gained by the reader in being told in what points it chiefly differs from London. It has, in the first place, more space devoted to the display of its most important public buildings; its Exchange, for example, stands in a square which appears formed to receive such a building. The Tuilleries, the Chamber of Deputies, the Church of the Madeleine, the Hôtel des Invalides, and numberless other buildings, all occupy sites that cannot be improved. The *Places* also contribute to that generous appearance which is desirable in a large city, not exclusively devoted to commercial pursuits. But, above all, the gardens, the avenues, and the Boulevards, which last surround the city, form a contrast to the attempts which Londoners have made to give a grandeur air to their metropolis. Another point in which the capital of one country differs from that of the other, is to the advantage of England. When you ascend any public building of sufficient height to command a view of the entire city of Paris, you look in vain for the diversified church-towers and various spires which relieve the monotony of the view of London. But even in giving this preference to London, I fear I must dissipate its effects by saying, that, while in London you can scarcely obtain a clear prospect of any considerable extent, there is in Paris a perfect absence of smoke; and what is seen there, may be seen without involving the necessity of rising at four o'clock on a summer's morning.

The next respect in which the two cities differ, is, the character of their environs.

THE MIRROR.

Directly you quit the barriers of Paris, you are in the country. The new fortifications which some suppose to form a kind of wall such as that of ancient London, are really in the country, at some distance from the buildings of Paris, though they completely encircle it; and in quitting the barriers, you have not to pass through any Hammer-smith, Chelsea, Stoke-Newington, or Holloway. All is rural, in the exact sense of the term. Villages are scattered; and though they may be somewhat larger than those which Miss Mitford would delineate, yet they are still villages, and not suburbs, and surrounded by village, and not suburban, characteristics. There are numerous other differences which might be noticed between the two cities. Few small houses are seen in Paris; there are stagnant pools instead of drainage; the lighting is imperfect.

It may be observed, before proceeding to notice the principal objects of attraction in detail, that where there is not magnificence in the streets of Paris, there generally prevails a pleasing picturesqueness in the houses and shops, which compensates, at least to an English eye. This is particularly the case in the Rue St. Denis and its vicinity. Indeed, that street is remarkable on various other grounds -as the ancient grand entrance to the city from the north, on occasions of triumph or regal state, and as the scene of not a few events of interest in days of yore.

(To be concluded in our next.)

AN ANALOGY.

Thro' tangled brakes and gloomy ways
A deep and silent river ran,
It never caught the sun's full rays,
Its banks were never paced by man.
At length the "leven blast" of Heaven
Rent the dark trees that o'er it hang.
And 'neath the light, now brightly given,
The river smoothly flowed and sang.—
"Oh, joy! I've now the light I love,
Not feebly dimmering o'er me,
But poured in radiance from above,
And all grows bright before me;
And sweet birds warble, and sweet flowers
bloom,
Where lately all was night and gloom.
"Oh, joy! what fragrance breathes around,
What music thrills above me!
Bound on, my waves, oh! happily bound.
All nature seems to love me!
And sweet birds warble, and sweet flowers
bloom,
Where lately all was night and gloom."
And there are hearts, which, like this stream,
Swell with love's tide but silent sigh,
And few around them ever dream
What priceless stores within them lie.
Till o'er their cold and cheerless way
Affection flings her beauteous light,
Then all beneath that heav'nly ray
Glow deep, wildly, blest, and bright.

E. B., Exeter, 1844.

The Wandering Jew

By EUGENE SUE.

Translated by the Author of the "Student's French Grammar," translator of Hugo's "Rhine," Soulie's "Marguerite," &c.

VOLUME THE FOURTH.

CHAPTER XXV.—THE DONATION.

The Abbé d'Aigrigny, neither recognizing Dagobert nor ever having seen Agricola, did not well comprehend the fright manifested by Rodin, but he understood all when he saw Gabriel spring into the arms of the blacksmith, saying, "It is you, my brother; and you, my second father. God, in his goodness, has sent you to me at this time."

After Dagobert had shaken Gabriel cordially by the hand, he walked up with a menacing look, mingled with disdain, upon the ex-colonel, said, "You do not recognise me, then. Do you remember when you, with the Russians, were fighting against the French, that on your asking General Simon, when covered with wounds, to yield, he replied, renegade that you are, and to your confusion and shame, 'I will never give up my sword to a traitor,' he then crawled to a Russian grenadier, to whom he yielded. Well, sir, by the side of General Simon there was a soldier who was also wounded.—I am that soldier."

"Then, sir, what is your desire?" said the Abbé, scarcely able to restrain his rage.

"I wish to unmask you, infamous priest that you are."

"Sir," cried the Marquis, pale with rage.

"I tell you that you are an infamous wretch," said the soldier with more energy. "To strip the daughters of Marshal Simon, Gabriel, and Mademoiselle de Cardoville of their heritage, you have resorted to the most base means."

"What do you say?" demanded Gabriel, in agitation, "The daughters of General Simon?"

"They are your relations, my brave lad, so is the worthy lady Mademoiselle de Cardoville. That priest," he added, pointing to d'Aigrigny, "has shut the latter up in a madhouse, and concealed the orphans in a convent. As for you, my good sir, I did not expect to meet you here; I thought you would have been prevented, like the others, from coming to claim your heritage. I would have been sooner, but the loss of blood rendered me weak; but, thank Heaven, I have arrived in time."

It is impossible to depict the curiosity, anguish, surprise, and fear, of the different actors in this scene, on hearing the threatening words of Dagobert; but none seemed more excited than Gabriel. His face flushed, his knees trembled, and he cried, with a pitiful voice, "Oh God, it is I who am the spoliator of this family."

"You, my brother!" said Agricola. "No, no."

"The will," said Gabriel, with anguish, "states that the heritage will belong to those of the heirs who appear before twelve o'clock—it is now past twelve. I am the only one of the family present, and the heirs are dispossessed by me."

"By you!" exclaimed Dagobert. "No, no; all is saved, I know you too well; you will share all with the others."

"But I gave away my right—everything is lost."

"To whom—to whom?" exclaimed Dagobert, despairingly.

"To that man," said Gabriel, pointing to the Marquis.

"To him—to the renegade," said Dagobert. "Still the demon of this family!"

"It is our duty to pardon injuries," said the Abbé, withdrawing his eyes from the ferocious gaze of Dagobert, "and to offer them to God as a proof of our humility."

Gabriel remained silent for a moment. The baseness of d'Aigrigny's conduct flashed across his mind, and for the first time in his life he contemplated the various springs of that dark intrigue of which he was the victim; despair and rage overcoming his accustomed timidity, the young missionary's eyes glared fiercely, his cheeks became inflamed, and addressing the Abbé, he said, "So, sir, you placed me in one of your colleges, not out of commiseration, as you stated, but with the view of getting me to renounce, in favour of your Order, a portion of this heritage; not contented with sacrificing me to your cupidity, you make me the involuntary instrument of an unworthy spoliation. If it only concerned my claim upon the riches that you covet, I would care little about it, but to dispossess two orphans and a worthy young lady of their right is what I shall never submit to; therefore I revoke the donation which I in ignorance made."

On hearing these words the Abbé and Rodin looked at each other; the former, shrugging his shoulders in derision, said, "In regard to this heritage there are several incidents, though complicated in appearance, are in reality but mere shadows. Let us proceed with the claim of the Order; calumnious accusations can be set aside at another period. I, as the representative of the Order, ask you, Gabriel Rennepong, whether you did not freely bestow your claim upon the Society as a recompence for favours received?"

"I did make the gift freely," said Gabriel.

"And this gentleman, who acted as notary, drew up the deed."

"But Gabriel," said Dagobert, "only gave you that which belonged to himself; that good lad could never think of your adopting such infamous means to deprive others of their rights."

"Allow me to explain," said d'Aigrigny, courteously; "you can reply afterwards. The amount of the donation was not known when first bestowed, and after the enormous sum was disclosed, Gabriel fell upon his knees, and thanked God for inspiring in him the desire of spending his wealth to the glory of the Lord."

"That is true," said Gabriel.

"When twelve struck there was no heir here but Gabriel, consequently he is the sole possessor, and, for the sake of charity, I rejoice in the largeness of the sum, for many tears will be dried, many moments of misery will be spared to suffering humanity. If there are other inheritors, it is a pity they did not come here in time. God knows that if, instead of defending the cause of the suffering and the needy, I advocated my own interests, I would not embrace the advantages which chance has offered, but as guardian of a large portion of the poor and suffering, I am forced to maintain my absolute claim to that heritage, and I doubt not that the notary will, in acknowledging the validity of this claim, put me in full possession of the wealth which legitimately belong to me."

"My duty, sir," said the notary, with emotion, "is to execute faithfully the will of the testator. M. Gabriel de Rennepong was the only heir who presented himself by the time fixed in the will. The donation he made is perfectly in form, therefore the only thing left for me to do is to hand over all to the donee."

At these words Samuel groaned deeply, and Dagobert, addressing the notary, said, "Surely, sir, it is not legal thus to strip two poor orphans of their heritage. I assure you, sir, upon my honour, that that man took advantage of my wife's weakness, and conducted, in my absence, the girls to a convent, in order that they might not be here in time. I went to a magistrate, sir."

"Well, and what was his reply?"

"That he could not, on my deposition alone, take them from the convent, but the authorities would see to this infringement of the law."

"Then, sir, what a magistrate dare not do, it is certain that I cannot. This is a grave matter. My duty is to execute the testament of a dying man. If the persons you speak of have been wronged, they will find a remedy in the law."

"Since the law, then," said Gabriel, "is

ot powerful enough to sustain justice, I will resort to extreme measures. Before doing so, however, let me ask the Abbé if he will be contented with the share which belongs to me?"

"I have already mentioned," said the Marquis, "that this is an affair of charity, and not at all connected with me; therefore in refusing the offer, I call upon M. Gabriel to remember his engagements."

"Then you refuse this arrangement," said Gabriel, with emotion.

"The state of the poor and suffering forces me to do so."

"Then, sir, you force me to revoke my donation. I only promised my own, not that which belongs to others."

"Let me tell you, Gabriel, that I hold in my hand an oath formally drawn up."

"Notary," said Rodin, with his shrill voice, "please inform the young man that he may perjure himself if he likes, but that the civil code is not so easily violated."

As the notary was going to reply, the door was opened by Bathsheba, who introduced two other personages into the red-room.

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CHAPTER XXVI.—A GOOD GENIUS.

The first of the two persons whose arrival had interrupted the notary, was Faranghe. At the sight of this man's forbidding countenance, Samuel went up to him, and said, "What is your business, sir?"

Faranghe, casting a piercing glance at Rodin, replied, "Prince Djalma, in compliance with a request which was inscribed on a medal that he wore round his neck, has lately come over from India, for the purpose of being here to day."

"Is he also a descendant?" exclaimed Gabriel. "I remember his mentioning, on our passage from the Azores, that his mother was of French origin; he did not, however, tell me the object of his voyage. Oh! he is a brave and noble young man. Where is he?"

The strangler, again glancing at Rodin, said, "I left the prince yesterday evening. He told me, that although he had a great interest in being here, it was not improbable, that he might sacrifice it, on account of other circumstances. We slept at the same hotel, and when I inquired for him this morning, I was told he had gone out. My friendship for him induced me to come here, hoping that the intelligence I could give, might be of use to him."

Faranghe, in suppressing all mention of the plot carried on by Rodin against Djalma, as well as the snare he had himself fallen into the evening before, calculated that he would be rewarded for his discretion. It is unnecessary to say that the

strangler's tale was made up of falsehood; for, after he had escaped from confinement in the morning, by his extreme cunning, address, and audacity, he went to the hotel where he had left Djalma, and there learnt that a gentlemen and lady had called to see the young Indian, whose relations they pretended to be, and that, being alarmed at the state of torpor in which they found him, they had taken him away to their own residence, in order that he might receive the attention which his situation required.

"It is a pity," said the notary, "that this heir did not present himself; unfortunately, it is too late now, as he has forfeited all claim to the immense fortune to which he was entitled."

"Ah! an immense fortune," said the stranger, fixing his eyes on Rodin.

The other person, of whom we have spoken, now entered. Agricola hastily approached him, exclaiming, "What! you are here, M. Simon?"

"Yes, my lad," said the old man, shaking him cordially by the hand, "I have just arrived. M. Hardy should have been here, respecting some inheritance, but not being able to come, he has sent me in his stead. But you look pale! What is the matter with you?"

"The matter!" cried Dagobert. "Why, your granddaughters have just been disinherited."

"You!" said M. Simon, endeavouring to recognise the features of the soldier. "You must be Dagobert, who is so generously devoted to my son; but did you not speak of his daughter?"

"Of his daughters; for he is more fortunate than he is aware of. The children are twins."

"And where are they?"

"In a convent, where they have been detained by the treachery of that man; in consequence of which they have been disinherited."

"What man?"

"The Marquis d'Aigrigny."

"My son's most mortal enemy."

"And that is not all," interposed Agricola. "M. Hardy is also disinherited."

D'Aigrigny, anxious to terminate this scene, said to the notary, "This, sir, has lasted long enough. Why should the absence of the other heirs be ascribed to the influence of intrigue? Is it not more likely they have been prevented from coming here by other causes? I say again this has lasted long enough. And I think, sir, that in justice you will allow that I am the lawful possessor of all this wealth."

"Sir," replied the notary, "I declare in the name of the law that, by the act of Gabriel de Rennepon, you are the sole owner of this money, which I shall now place in your possession."

Gabriel clasped his hands, and exclaimed, in the bitterness of his soul, "Oh God! wilt thou permit the triumph of this iniquity?"

Rodin, without heeding Gabriel, took from the hands of the notary the cedar box, containing the money.

At this moment the door of an adjoining apartment was suddenly opened, and a woman appeared. Gabriel uttered a loud cry, and stood as if thunderstruck, while Samuel and Bathsheba fell on their knees. All the other actors in this scene were quite amazed; even Rodin recoiled a step or two, and replaced the cedar box on the table. Although the appearance of this woman was of itself only a simple occurrence, it was followed by profound silence. Surprise and fear were felt by most present; for the woman seemed to them the living original of the portrait which had been placed in that chamber a century and a half before. She advanced slowly, without appearing to notice the profound sensation caused by her presence, to a piece of furniture overlaid with brass, and took from a secret drawer a sealed packet, which she placed before the notary. She then regarded Gabriel with a look of melancholy and kindness, and turning to Samuel and Bathsheba, who were still on their knees, she inclined her beautiful head, and casting on them a glance of tender solicitude, held out her hand for them to kiss, and slowly retired.

When she had disappeared Gabriel said, "It is she."

"Who, brother?" asked Agricola.

"Look!" said Gabriel, pointing to the portrait. "It is more than a century and a half since it was placed there."

Agricola, Dagobert, and Faranghea, raised their eyes to the portraits, and each of them uttered an exclamation of surprise. "What do I see!" cried Dagobert, gazing at the portrait of the man. "This is the friend and emissary of Marshal Simon, that sought us out in Siberia last year."

"My eyes do not deceive me," muttered Faranghea. "This is the man whom we strangled and buried by the side of the Ganges."

"Who is this woman, and how came she here?" inquired d'Aigrigny of the Jew. "I cannot tell," replied Samuel. "All I know is, I have heard my father say there are subterraneous passages leading from this house to places at a considerable distance."

"Oh, then," said d'Aigrigny, "her appearance is easily accounted for; but what could be her motive? As to her resemblance to this portrait, that is the effect of chance."

Rodin, thinking that the surprise and amazement that still prevailed, offered

him an excellent opportunity of stealing away with the cedar box unperceived, was preparing to depart, when Samuel cried, "Stop, sir, I must first request the notary to examine the packet."

Rodin expostulated fiercely with the Jew, but the latter would not allow him to depart.

The notary then opened the packet, and read as follows:—

"This is a codicil, adjourning the execution of my will until the 1st of June, 1832. The house is to be closed, and the money to remain in the hands of the depositary.

"MARIUS DE RENNEPONT."

"Villetoneuse, February 13th, 1682.

"Eleven o'clock at night."

"I protest against this codicil," cried d'Aigrigny, livid with rage and despair.

"It is a forgery," exclaimed Rodin.

"No, it is not," said the notary. "I have compared the signatures, and I find they are the same. Besides, what I said respecting the heirs that were absent is applicable to you. You can impeach the authenticity of this codicil, but everything must remain suspended until the 1st of June."

It would be impossible to describe the rage of d'Aigrigny and Rodin when they saw Samuel resume possession of the cedar box. Finding they were defeated for the present, they proceeded to their carriage, and about a quarter of an hour after, they drove into the courtyard of the Hotel de St. Dizier, in the Rue de Babylone.

CHAPTER XXVII.—THE FIRST LAST, AND THE LAST FIRST.

Rodin, during the journey to the Hotel de St. Dizier, remained silent, listening attentively to D'Aigrigny, who was venting his rage and disappointment in long lamentations respecting the ruthless hand of fate that had, in one moment, destroyed his best founded hopes. When they had alighted, they proceeded to the cabinet of the Princess de St. Dizier, who was anxiously awaiting their return. The Princess observing the dejected appearance of D'Aigrigny, inquired what had happened. D'Aigrigny said, while his eyes sparkled with rage "The inheritance which we deemed about forty millions, amounts to two hundred and twelve. And this, in spite of the treason of Gabriel, who has left our Society, was in my possession."

"Two hundred and twelve millions," exclaimed the Princess, "it seems like a dream."

"Yea," replied D'Aigrigny bitterly, "it is a dream to us. A codicil was discovered which puts off the execution of the will

three months, and thus all is lost, for the descendants are now aware of the nature of this inheritance, and will be on their guard."

"Is there then no hope," inquired the Princess.

"Our only hope is that Gabriel may not retract, for his share alone is about thirty millions."

"That is enormous; why then despair?"

"Because it is evident that Gabriel, now that he is free and surrounded by his adopted family, will annul his gift. No; there is no hope for us. I even deem it prudent to send to Rome, and ask permission to leave Paris for a while, which is now become hateful to me. Yes," continued D'Aigrigny, "I must instantly write to Rome to announce our disappointment."

He then dictated as follows to Rodin:—

"The Renneport affair, in spite of all the care and ability we have employed, has failed; still every thing was done to secure our rights. I must repeat, however, that this important affair has failed irrecoverably."

Rodin here threw down his pen, and walked slowly towards the fireplace, muttering to himself, "This man is turning imbecile; a period must be put to this."

D'Aigrigny, in astonishment, asked him why he had left his place, and then turning to the Princess, he said, pointing disdainfully to Rodin, "His senses are leaving him."

"Pardon him," replied the Princess, "it is caused, no doubt, by his grief for our failure."

"Return to your place, Sir," said D'Aigrigny, haughtily.

Rodin, indifferent to the order, turned his back to the fireplace, and raising himself to his full height, looked fixedly at D'Aigrigny.

Rodin had not yet uttered a word, but his hideous countenance suddenly displayed such contempt for his Superior—such cool audacity and self possession, that the Princess and D'Aigrigny were quite confounded.

D'Aigrigny was too well acquainted with the customs of his Order, to believe that his secretary had assumed this air of superiority without proper authority. He saw, when it was too late, that his subordinate might have been placed as a spy, with power to supersede him whenever he should exhibit any signs of incapacity. From the moment that Rodin had taken his stand before the fireplace D'Aigrigny's manner, usually so haughty, instantly underwent a change; and although his pride was severely wounded, he said, addressing Rodin with great deference, "You have, no doubt, authority to command me, in the manner I have hitherto commanded you?"

Rodin, without replying, drew from his greasy pocket-book a slip of paper, on which were written a few words in Latin. When D'Aigrigny had read them, he raised the paper respectfully to his lips and then returned it to Rodin with a profound bow. On raising his head, his face was red with shame and vexation; for in spite of his passive obedience to the will of his Order, his pride was severely galled at seeing himself so unceremoniously displaced. Besides he was deeply mortified at its having taken place in the presence of the Princess de St. Dizier. When the first pang of humiliation had passed, he said to Rodin, with extreme deference, "You threw down your pen when I was dictating the note, would you have the goodness to tell me in what I have erred?"

"Instantly!" replied Rodin. "Although this affair has for a long time appeared to me beyond your ability, I have abstained from interfering; yet what a number of faults, what poverty of invention! and how ill adapted the means employed to insure success!"

"I hardly understand your reproach," replied D'Aigrigny. "Would success not have been certain but for the codicil? And did not you yourself support the measures which you now condemn?"

"You commanded them, and I obeyed. Moreover, you were on the point of succeeding; not on account of the means you employed, but in spite of them."

"You are severe, sir."

"I am just. Does it require prodigious ability to shut persons in a room, and lock the door on them? And yet what else have you done? The daughters of Marshal Simon confined in a convent; Adrienne de Cardoville in a madhouse; Couch-tout-Nu in prison, and Djalma thrown into a state of stupor. The removal of M. Hardy was the only case in which any ability was displayed; because moral, instead of physical agency was employed. As to your other proceedings they were bad, uncertain, and dangerous. And why were they so? Because we ought, above all things, to avoid public attention, and you selected jailors and a commissary of police for your accomplices. Nothing but success could have procured your pardon for such ill-concerted plans."

"Sir, you are too severe; and, notwithstanding the deference I owe you, I must tell you that I am not accustomed—"

"Aye, there are many things to which you are not accustomed. Hitherto you have formed an erroneous estimate of yourself. There is still in you a leaven of the soldier and the man of the world, which is fermenting and depriving your reason of the clearness and penetration which it ought to possess. You have been a soldier, laced and perfumed, and have indulged largely in the

pleasures of the world. These things have injured you. Henceforth you will be a subaltern; for you will always be deficient in that energy of mind that subjects every thing to its sway. I possess this energy. Do you know why? Because I have never enfeebled myself by indulging in dissipation."

D'Aigrigny's pride revolted at this language, and he said, "Vaunting, sir, is no proof of ability; we shall see you at work."

"Yes, you shall see me at the work you have so cowardly abandoned."

"What!" cried the princess.

"I say," replied Rodin, "that the Renneport affair, which you think is lost, will, in my hands, prove successful."

"But all our plans are unmasksed!" said d'Aigrigny.

"So much the better," replied Rodin—"I will adopt abler ones."

"Do you hope to persuade Gabriel not to revoke his gift?"

"I will cause the two hundred and twelve millions to enter the Society's coffers. That is clear."

"Impossible!"

"I tell you it is possible. But you do not understand me. There is no room for hesitation now. With this money our influence in France can be re-established; for with this sum we can, in these corrupt times, buy over the government; or we can kindle a civil war and restore legitimacy; which is, after all, our best policy. But if the Renneport family gain possession of this money, our ruin will be certain. You did not attend to the execrable wishes of Renneport, respecting the family associations that he recommended his accursed race to adopt. Think of the power this money may raise against us! There is Marshal Simon, sprung from the ranks of the people. How great would be his influence over them? For the military spirit of Bonapartism still conjures up to them ideas of national honour and greatness. Next, Francis Hardy, the liberal and enlightened manufacturer, who is so anxious to improve the condition of the artisan. Then Gabriel, the good priest, as he is called, representing the democracy of the church in opposition to its aristocracy. Next, Adrienne de Cardoville, the type of grace, elegance, and beauty. I will not speak of her spirit and courage; you are too well acquainted with both. Nothing could be more dangerous to us than this creature of patrician birth and poetic imagination, who is, in her heart, a lover of the people. Then, there is the bold and chivalrous Djalma, who would be a terrible instrument in the hands of those that could manage him. There is not one of this detestable family even to *Couchtout-Nu*, that would not be a formida-

ble enemy to us. Our existence is at stake; we must no longer act on the defensive. We must attack and annihilate this accursed race, in order to gain possession of the money."

"I acknowledge I did not think of these dangers," said d'Aigrigny; "but I do not see how they are to be overcome."

"Do people ever die of despair?" demanded Rodin, derisively. "May not the gratitude of required love lead to acts of extravagant generosity? Are there not disappointments so bitter, that suicide becomes the only refuge against them? Does not excess in sensuality lead to the grave? Are there not some circumstances so terrible, that they endue the boldest, and the most impious, to throw themselves into the arms of religion, and abandon all for the Church? Are there not, in short, a thousand circumstances, in which the re-action of the passions produces the most extraordinary changes?"

"All this may be true," said d'Aigrigny.

"Then why do you ask me what is to be done? What would you say if the most dangerous members of the Renneport family, should, in less than three months, implore the favour of being admitted into that Society which they now hold in such abhorrence?"

"It is impossible!" cried d'Aigrigny.

"Impossible! And what were you not fifteen months ago? Your life was passed in guile, impiety, and debauchery! yet you came to us, and your property is now ours. What! have we not overcome princes and popes? And shall we now be baffled by a single family? Are we not sagacious enough to obtain our ends without the aid of violence? Ah! you are ignorant of the numerous resources, that the skilful management of the human passions places at our disposal; especially when aided by an all-powerful auxiliary."

"What auxiliary?" interrupted d'Aigrigny.

"Yes," continued Rodin, his countenance becoming quite cadaverous. "This formidable auxiliary is advancing slowly; mournful forebodings every where announce its terrible approach. It is the CHOLERA!"

The Princess and d'Aigrigny shuddered, and turned pale.

This was followed by an interval of deep silence. At length Rodin, with an impetuous gesture, motioned d'Aigrigny to the desk, at which he had himself only a few minutes before been seated.

D'Aigrigny at first started with surprise, but remembering that his position was changed, he bowed respectfully to Rodin, and went to the desk. Rodin then dictated as follows:—

"By the mismanagement of Abbé d'Ai-

grigny the Rennepong affair has been seriously endangered. However, we think that success is still possible, and to enable us to attain it, we only require to be invested with full authority."

A quarter of an hour after this Rodin left the hotel, brushing his old hat, which he had taken off to return the salute of the porter.

VOLUME THE FIFTH.

CHAPTER I.—THE UNKNOWN.

The following scene took place the day subsequent to that on which the Abbé d'Algigny was so rudely displaced by Rodin.

The Rue Clovis is one of the most solitary of that part of the town called Montagne Sainte Geneviève. At the period of our story, No. 4 was one of the principal buildings, at the side of which was a dark alley that conducted to a second building, of miserable and degraded aspect, in which was a half-subterraneous shop where coals, second-hand handkerchiefs, vegetables, and milk were sold.

Nine o'clock had struck; the shopkeeper, named Mother Arsene, an old woman with sickly aspect, was busy amongst her cabbages, picking off here and there a faded leaf, and showing the whole of her merchandise to the best advantage.

At the expiration of a few minutes a young girl, who was no other than Rose Pompon, came out of the house, and entered the shop.

"Good morning, Mademoiselle Rose," said Mother Arsene, on seeing the young girl, "you are early. I suppose you were not dancing last evening."

"Do not speak to me of dancing, Mother Arsene; I have no longer a heart for balls, since poor Cephyse (the Bacchanalian Queen) weeps from morning till night about her lover, who, you know, was put in prison for debt."

"Ah," said the fruitwoman, "speaking of Cephyse, do you not think that M. Philemon will be angry with me for allowing you to bring her here."

"Why, Mother Arsene, did not M. Philemon leave me mistress of the two rooms till his return. Where would poor Cephyse go to?"

"Very well; if you are sure that the master won't be angry; it's all one to me."

"Angry, angry at what? for spoiling his furniture? furniture, indeed! why, I broke the last cup yesterday, and am now obliged to bring this to fetch milk." Here the young girl held out a huge tumbler, which would hold about a bottle of wine.

"And to see you obliged to put your milk in such a vessel makes me ashamed."

"Yes; and if I meet any one on the stairs holding this glass in my hand like a taper, I would laugh so much that I should be sure to drop it; then I would be sure to receive the malediction of M. Philemon for breaking his last glass."

"There is no danger of your meeting any one; one lodger has left some time ago, and the other never rises early."

"Speaking of lodgers, have you not a room to let at the bottom of the court. I was thinking of it for Cephyse."

"Yes, there is a little garret above the room, which is occupied by the little mysterious man."

"O yes, father Charlemagne. Can you not learn what he is."

"No, Mademoiselle. He came this morning, and, knocking at the window, said, 'Have you a letter for me, my dear madame;' he is so polite, the dear little man. 'No, sir,' I replied. Then he said, 'Don't disturb yourself, my dear lady, I shall call again;' and he went away."

"Does he never sleep in the house?"

"Never. He only comes for a few hours every three or four days. I often wonder what he does; but no one can get into his room, for he has put a new lock upon the door, and carries the key with him."

"You say that he is old?"

"Yes, mademoiselle, about fifty years of age."

"Is he ugly?"

"Picture to yourself two small piercing eyes in a face as sallow as that of a corpse; but he is so polite."

"But what does he do with two rooms? If Cephyse takes the garret above him, we will amuse ourselves by finding out. How much do you charge for it?"

"It is so badly furnished, mademoiselle, that master cannot ask above fifty-six francs a year."

"Poor Cephyse," said Rose, shaking her head, sorrowfully, "after having spent her time so gaily with Jacques Rennepong, she at last comes to a miserable dwelling where she must work too—aye, work. Oh, to have seen her dancing the *Fruit Defendu*, with Nini-Moulin. Poor laughing Queen, you are sad, sad now."

"Oh, the follies of youth!" exclaimed the old woman.

"But you had your youthful days, also, Mother Arsene; had you not—your lovers too, eh?"

"Oh, my young days were painful enough; forced to drag, with my brother, a large cask of water for eight hours a-day, the thought of pleasure never entered my head."

"What a laborious occupation; every

one would not do as you did. It is an old saying, that people must amuse themselves when they are young—that they cannot be always seventeen. Yet I have had my sad days too, Mother Arsene."

"How, mademoiselle? So young, and so gay; and you to have been unhappy."

"My story is very short; I will tell you it in a few words."

(*To be continued.*)

THE LATE HOLWELL WALSH, Esq.,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

This gentleman, long known to the literary world, lately died in Dublin. In the *Warder*, we find some interesting particulars of his life. He was the son of a daughter of the famous Hely Hutchinson, provost of Trinity College, Dublin, and he inherited part of the talent of that distinguished family. He obtained the name of Holwell from his godfather, the well-known Governor Holwell, who was incarcerated with others by Sourajah Dowla, in the horrible black hole at Calcutta, and whose simple but graphic and affecting account of the sufferings of the prisoners on that occasion, remains among the most striking compositions in our language. The governor left his godson a legacy; but as his father was at that time an opulent citizen, it was given more as a token of his good-will than as a pecuniary benefit. Such as it was, the godson never enjoyed it. His father became embarrassed, and the first act of his son was to allocate the whole of his legacy and pay his father's debts. This sacrifice deprived him of the only means left to him of attaining to a learned profession; but he fought his way to college, and afterwards to the bar, by his own unaided exertions. While an undergraduate, he distinguished himself by premiums and a scholarship, and by his poetic compositions. A premium was proposed by the board for the best composition on the death of Nelson, and earned by his composition. It was printed and published as the prize poem, and was much admired. He also became a distinguished speaker in the Historical Society, at the time when so many clever competitors made such a thing a distinction. He was hardly called to the bar when he made a matrimonial connection, considered at the time as highly fortunate, and at once securing his advancement in life. He married the daughter of Sir James Bond, a nabob, reported to possess interminable riches, but his unhappy speculations had so involved him, that he left his son-in-law little more than the liabilities with which the property was encumbered. They became entanglements, which dragged him back in

his advancement in life, and happy would he have considered himself if he had obtained nothing from the nabob but his amiable daughter. His career at the bar was, however, prosperous. He had happy tact in addressing a jury, similar to that of Curran, whom he seems to have made his model. He had a singular talent of personation, mimicking with irresistible humour the prominent parts of a character, and passing with easy transition from the droll to the pathetic. Curran had distinguished himself by his peculiar tact and eloquence in crim. con. cases, and his speeches on the trial of Massy against Headfort, is still remembered as the perfection of such pleading. Walshe, on another occasion, was engaged in a similar case, and made such a display that Lord Norbury, who tried it, declined giving judgment for some time, to suffer, as he said, the effects of the learned advocate's speech upon him to pass away, lest his eloquence should bias his sober judgment. The trial was published, and the speech of Walshe remains a recorded rival to that of Curran's.

During the viceroyalty of Lord Anglesea, Walshe was in high favour, and frequently consulted by his excellency, though not openly. He was intended to fill some important situation, and in the mean time was promised the first assistant barristership that should become vacant, with the exception of one or two which were considered not of sufficient importance. The wished-for vacancy arrived, and Lord Anglesea sent for Walshe, and proposed it to him—at the same time stating that he was under an engagement at the other side, that it would particularly oblige him if he was allowed to bestow this vacancy on the person, pledging himself for the next. Of course, Walshe acceded to his patron's wishes. The place was given to another, and the next week Lord Anglesea was recalled.

The last event which marks his career was the trial of Hodgens, in which O'Connell was his opponent. It was on this occasion that the latter scowled on the son, who was giving evidence in favour of his own mother, calling him a ruffian, and proceeded to such lengths that the young man was compelled to apply to the court for protection. During his absence from court he attacked his advocate also, and, among other scurillities, said "he had defiled his gown and dragged it in the gutter." This was reported to Mr Walshe on his return, who, eyeing O'Connell, said, "The dastard who had registered a vow in heaven not to fight, might, with impunity, indulge in any scurillities." He lost the opportunity that was afforded him of retorting on his opponent, and vindicating himself, and from that hour there was a blast upon his profes-

sional character, and the tainted breath of his foul calumniator, like the blight of an evil eye, shed its malignant influence over him. Without any other known or avowed cause he sank from his high rank at the bar till death terminated the anxious and embarrassed decline of his life.

A correspondent enables us to add, that some thirty years ago, Mr. Walshe was a member of the London press, being a parliamentary reporter. He had then a high reputation for talent. At the Eccentric Society he frequently distinguished himself by a happy vein of humour. Finnerty, Brownley, and Quin, were their nightly visitants.

While in England, Mr. Walshe was on one occasion involved in a duel. The peculiar circumstances under which he went out are not stated, but, at the time, he was said to have acted his part with great determination. After the first fire, when an attempt was made to obtain a concession from him, "Give me a pistol," was his ready reply. The affair terminated without any mischief being done.

THE BEAUTIFUL.

The beautiful, the beautiful!
How wildly throbs the heart,
When first beneath its quickening sense,
It knows of love's start!

The beautiful, the beautiful!
It speaks in every thing
Which dwells upon the face of earth,
From autumn's fall to spring.

It wood and river, mountain, glen,
Its mystery is seen!
From heaven above to earth beneath
Its fairy touch has been.

O'er all the thousand ways of life
It breathes its silent grace;
Nor sin, nor sorrow, care nor strife,
Its spirit can efface.

It dwells with virtue evermore,
And moves the mind of man,
To holy striving: for the good
That with itself began.

The beautiful, the beautiful!
Oh deeply blessed are they
Whose souls admit thy holy light,
Thy still small voice obey.

The beautiful, the beautiful;
Of godhead forming part,
Thy dower is still the richest gift
Bestowed on human heart.

The poet, painter, all to thee
Their bright creations owe,
Thine inspiration is the might
Of Genius here below!

The life of man with beauty teems
From childhood to the grave.
Received by some, by some denied,
It lives with all—to save!

For every high and holy thoug
Self abnegating deed,
With beauty rife, confession makes,
To Heaven its promptings lead.

The beautiful, the beautiful
Of godhead forming part,
Oh be thy influence, evermore,
Supreme in every heart!

M. M. H.

Merrie.

Tales from the German. Translated by J. Oxenford and C. D. Firling. Foreign Library. [Chapman and Hall.

The appearance of the second and last volume of these amusing tales, tempts us to give a short glance into these pages, and render them the justice, which as one of the first attempts to open the lighter German literature to the reading public, at a price accessible to most of its members, they fully deserve. The selections, for the most part, are good, and give specimens of the first writers of fiction Germany has produced. Goethe, Schiller, Jean Paul Richter, and others of eminence, whose names, though not so well known in England, stand high in the literary annals of their own country, are to be found here. Many of the stories are quaint and fresh, and carry us back to the days of our youth, when talking birds, singing trees, and golden water, cast a magic hue over life, and endowed inanimate nature with hearts and tongues.

Ali and Gulhyndi, by Dehlschläger, is rich in fairy lore, and presents us with sumptuous pictures of spirit land, where gold, and silver, and precious stones, are as abundant as misfortune and poverty with us. The moral, too, is good, and neither men nor children would be the worse for learning it.

The Severed Hand, by Kauff, is a tale of horror; the interest is well kept up, and gains by the mystery in which at last it leaves the reader. Tieck's Klausenburg is weird and ghost-like, and makes one's blood run cold, with a sort of pleasant affright as the apparition becomes visible, and the supernatural terror of the actors is powerfully described. But the gem of the second volume is Hoffman's Jesuit Church in G———. The struggles of the hero, a painter, whose genius is too powerful for the frame which contains it, and as certain essences corrode the silver vessels which hold them, it preys upon his peace, and subsequently his life. The different stages of progression, from a student to a finished artist of the first order, and the catastrophe which alike destroys his happiness, and cuts him off from the highest enjoyment of the art for which he has suffered so much, abound in exciting interest.

We subjoin a lengthened extract, which gives a good insight into the character of the man, and takes a fine view of his noble profession:—

"At Hackert's own suggestion he sent a large landscape, which he had faithfully copied from nature, to an exhibition, which was chiefly to consist of landscapes and pieces of still-life in the Hackert style.

All the artists and connoisseurs admired the young man's faithful, neatly-executed works, and praised him aloud. There was only an elderly, strangely-attired man, who did not say a word about Hackert's pictures, but smiled significantly whenever the multitude broke out into extravagant praises. Berthold perceived plainly enough that this stranger, when he stood before his landscape, shook his head with an air of the deepest pity, and was then about to retire. Being somewhat elevated by the general praise which he had received, Berthold could not help feeling indignant with the stranger. He went up to him, and speaking more sharply than was necessary, said, 'You do not seem satisfied with the picture, sir, although I must say there are excellent artists and connoisseurs who do not think it so bad. Pray tell me where the fault lies, that I may improve the picture according to your kind suggestion.'—The stranger cast a keen glance at Berthold, and said, very seriously, 'Young man, a great deal might be made out of you.'—Berthold felt deeply horrified at the glance and words of this man; he had not courage to say anything more or to follow him, when he slowly stalked out of the saloon. Hackert soon came in himself, and Berthold hastened to tell him of his meeting with this strange man. 'Ha!' said Hackert, smiling, 'do not take that to heart. That is a crabbed old man, who grumbles at everything, and is pleased at nothing. I met him in the ante-room. He was born of Greek parents, in Malta, and is a rich, queer old fellow, and no bad painter. All that he does has a fantastic appearance, and this proceeds from the absurd notion he has about art, and from the fact that he has constructed a system which is utterly worthless. I know well enough that he has no opinion of me, which I readily pardon in him, since he cannot throw any doubt on my honourably acquired fame.' Berthold had felt as if the Maltese had touched a sore place in his soul, like a beneficent physician, only for the purpose of probing it, and healing it; but he soon drove this notion from his mind, and worked on happily as he had done before. The success of this large picture, which was universally admired, gave him courage to begin a companion to it. Hackert himself selected one of the most lovely spots in the gorgeous vicinity of Naples; and, as the first picture had represented sunset, this landscape was to show the effect of sunrise. He had a number of strange trees, a number of vineyards, and, above all, a good deal of mist to paint. "Berthold was sitting on a large flat stone, at this very spot, completing the sketch of the great picture after nature. 'Bravo! well done!' said a voice near him.

He looked up. The Maltese was viewing his work, and added, with a sarcastic smile, 'You have only forgotten one thing, my dear young friend. Only look yonder, at the wall of the distant vineyard, the one covered with green tendrils. The door is half-open, don't you see? You must represent that with its proper shading. The half-open door makes a surprising effect!'—'You are joking, sir,' exclaimed Berthold, 'and without reason. Such accidental circumstances are by no means so contemptible as you imagine, and for that very reason my master loves to employ them. Only recollect the suspended white cloth in the landscape of one of the Dutch painters, that could not be omitted without marring the general effect. You, however, seem to be no friend to landscape painting in general; and as I have given myself up to it with heart and soul, I beg of you to let me go on working in quiet.'—'You are much mistaken, young man,' said the Maltese. 'I tell you again that a good deal might be made of you, for your works visibly prove an unwearied endeavour to attain perfection; but that, unfortunately, you will never attain, since the path that you have taken does not lead to it. Only mark what I tell you. Perhaps I may succeed in kindling that flame in your soul which you, senseless as you are, are endeavouring to smother, and in making it flash up brightly, so as to enlighten you. Then you will be able to recognise the real spirit that animates you. Do you think I am so foolish as to place the landscape lower in rank than the historical painting, and that I do not recognise the common goal after which the painters of both classes should strive? The apprehension of nature, in the deepest import of that higher sense, which kindles all beings to a higher life—that is the sacred end of all art. Can the mere dim copying of nature lead to this? How poor, how stiff, and forced, is the appearance of a manuscript copied from another in some foreign language, which the copyist does not understand, and is, therefore, unable to give the strokes, which he laboriously imitates, their proper significance. Thus your master's landscapes are correct copies of an original author in a language which is strange to him. The initiated artist hears the voice of nature, which from trees, hedges, flowers, mountains, waters, speaks to him, and of unfathomable mysteries in wondrous sound which, forming themselves in his bosom, create a pious feeling of foreboding; then, as a divine spirit, the talent of transferring this dim feeling to his works, descends upon him. Have not you yourself, young man, felt strangely affected when looking at the landscape of the old masters? Assuredly you did not think whether the

leaves of the lime trees, the pines, the plane trees, might be truer to nature, whether the back-ground might be more misty, or the water might be clearer; but the spirit that breathes from the whole raised you into a higher region, the reflection of which you seemed to behold. Therefore, study nature in the mechanical part, sedulously and carefully, that you may attain the practice of representation; but do not take the practice for the art itself. If you have penetrated into the deep import of nature, her pictures will arise within you in bright magnificence.' The Maltese was silent; but when Berthold, deeply moved by what he had heard, stood with downcast eyes, and incapable of uttering a word, the Maltese left him, saying, 'I had no intention of interrupting you in your calling, but I know that a higher spirit is slumbering within you. I called upon it, with strong words, that it might awake, and move its wings with freshness and vigour. Farewell.' Berthold felt as if the Maltese had only clothed in words that which had already been fermenting in his soul. The inner voice broke forth: 'No! all this striving, this constant endeavour, is but the uncertain, deceptive groping of the blind. Away with all that has hitherto dazzled me.' He was not in a condition to accomplish a single other stroke. He left his master, and wandered about full of wild uneasiness, loudly imploring that the high knowledge of which the Maltese had spoken might be revealed to him."

The doubt and uncertainty, sometimes amounting to a conviction of worthlessness, which young genius is so frequently, we might almost say invariably, subject to in its early career, is beautifully shown in the life of this German painter. For ourselves we give full assent to an opinion expressed by one, who, if she have not herself the divine gift of genius, is so thoroughly imbued with its beauty, as to understand every phase which it assumes; and though unknown to fame, fulfils a proud career in fostering talent, raising hope where once it was scarcely known, and encouraging the mind, bowed down by its own unascertained strength, to unfulfilled desires for the true and the beautiful. We cannot refrain from giving that opinion in her own words; it may serve to encourage others, as it has done the party for whom it was written, and its own beautiful hopefulness, will, we are sure, recommend it to the reader:—

"I believe that the very excess of light which Genius throws around her, will often, till its rays are concentrated, dazzle and distress the mental vision; and that even the consciousness of power, unless directed to some ultimate object, will oppress and weigh her down, until she feels fet-

tered and overborne in her high aspirations. But when, amid her restless wanderings and unsatisfied desires, a *glimpse*, it may be no more than this, of the goal presents itself, then forward, forward, she springs; that power, which unemployed had wearied her, is now her strength and stay—the light which had bewildered her, falls full and clear upon the point to be attained, and who then shall say the race is not to the swift and strong?"

We must return to our subject, and the doubts of Berthold, who thus expresses himself to his old master:—

"Ah! my revered friend and instructor," wrote Berthold to Birkner, 'you gave me credit for great things; but here, when a light should have risen in my soul, I have learned that that which you termed real artistic genius was nothing but a sort of *talent*—mere dexterity of hand. Tell my parents that I shall soon return, and learn some trade that I may get my living, &c.' Birkner wrote back, 'Oh! would I could be with you, my son, to support you in your depression. It is your very doubts that prove your calling as an artist. He who, with steady immovable confidence in his powers, believes that he will always progress, is a blind fool, who only deceives himself, for he wants the proper spur to endeavour, which only consists in the thought of deficiency. Persevere, and you will soon gain strength; and then, no longer fettered by the opinion or advice of friends, who are, perhaps, unable to appreciate you, you will quietly pursue the path which your own nature has designed for you. It will then be left to your own decision whether you become a painter of landscapes or historical pieces, and you will cease to think of a hostile separation of the branches of one trunk.'

Messrs. Chapman and Hall have carried out the views with which they commenced the Foreign Library, with the spirit and liberality which characterises all they attempt. The works published in it are of sterling interest, and supply a vacuum in our literature which has long wanted filling up.

Diaries and Correspondence of James Harris, First Earl of Malmesbury; containing an Account of his Missions to the Courts of Madrid, Frederick the Great, Catherine the Second, and the Hague, &c.
Edited by his grandson, the Third Earl. [Bentley.]

Of this work, which we have before quoted, the third and fourth volumes have just appeared.

To unravel the mysteries of diplomacy has long been an object of solicitude, alike with the aspirant for the fame of a public

life, and the more humble scholar, who finds his happiness from the *tomes* which adorn the shelves of his library. A very acceptable benefit has at length been conferred on such, and upon the reading community in general, by this publication. Abounding as it does in interest of so unusual a character, and furnishing a very useful synopsis of the foreign relations of our own country during the period of which it treats, posterity will view this compilation of unreserved and sportive details, as a valuable contribution to the historical works of the day, and as an indisputable evidence of the worth and uprightness of a faithful servant to his sovereign and his country.

The becoming modesty which Lord Malmesbury has displayed in preparing this work for the press, by abstaining from any aids from his own pen but such as were essential to elucidate the events, and explain their continuity, leaves his grandfather's writings to make their own way amongst us; although we could have much desired that his lordship had distrusted himself less and favoured the public with the advantage of more copious auxiliaries from his own store, where his resources are so amply attested by the enlightened judgment he has manifested in the execution of the present very delicate undertaking.

Prefixed to the first volume is a brief and modest memoir of the author of its contents, from which we learn little, except that he was born at Salisbury in 1746, and, despite his predilection for climbing to the top of the spire of the cathedral, to the agony of his mother, and all who witnessed his dizzy elevation, he was early launched into public life through the powerful influence of his father, Mr. Harris, the gifted author of the celebrated *Treatise on Grammar*. Before he was seventeen we find him mixing in all the gaiety and dissipation of the great metropolis, drinking claret, playing at cards, and enacting an imitation of high life in London with Charles Fox, Lords Spencer and North, Bishop of Winchester, the present Lord Auckland, and others, since eminent for their abilities or moral worth. From all this he came out scatheless; and, on his return from his travels abroad, he was fairly embarked on the troublous sea of diplomatic life by the time he had attained his one-and-twentieth year.

To the general reader, perhaps the record of his mission in negotiating with the Duke of Brunswick the marriage of his daughter with the Prince of Wales, and his correspondence and connexion with the distinguished statesmen and eminent literary characters of that day, and their rising generation, will present a charm to whose influence we must acknowledge ourselves to have yielded. Of this we offer a

specimen, reserving other striking extracts for a future number.

The strange and melancholy story of Queen Caroline, the consort of George IV, will not soon be forgotten. On her account England was convulsed in 1814, and again in 1820 and 1821. The king was hissed wherever he appeared; sinister rumours were circulated of defection in the army; and the country seemed on the verge of a revolution.

In those days, though her conduct was severely censured by many who thought no satisfactory explanation could be given of her extraordinary patronage of a courier named Bergami, the greater portion of the nation, thinking meanly of George IV, took her part. They deemed her amiable and interesting, and imagined her to have been gifted, as Peter Pindar had written,

"With every beauty to inspire,
Of love the soft and chaste desire;
And bless the nuptial tie,
With every gentle charm of mind."

Such was she generally supposed to be, backed as the poet's eulogium was by Mr. Canning's declaration, that she had been "the light, life, and ornament of every society."

Since her death the veil has been somewhat rudely torn aside by one or two hands, which were hardly expected to be so employed, but the picture given of the Princess Caroline by the first Earl of Malmesbury, is so minute, and so obviously bears on it the stamp of truth, that it must be read with deep interest. It is not often that the common visitor can get so completely behind the scenes with royalty.

Just half a century ago, at the close of the year 1794, his lordship was sent by George III to demand the hand of the Princess Caroline for the Prince of Wales. Rumours on her reaching his destination reached him, not very creditable to the court of Brunswick—we mean of its morality. The attractions of the princess are thus registered:—

"The Princess Caroline (Princess of Wales) much embarrassed on my first being presented to her—pretty face—not expressive of softness—her figure not graceful—fine eyes—good hand—tolerable teeth, but going—fair hair and light eyebrows, good bust—short, with what the French call 'des épaules impertinentes.' *Vastly happy with her future expectations.*"

The Duke of Brunswick had misgivings, too well justified by the result, that the match would not be a happy one. At the duke's request the princess was admonished by the ambassador that, if she should find in her future husband "any symptoms of a *goût*, she was to manifest no jealousy."

In one of her conversation, "she entered, of her own accord, into the kind of life she was to lead in England, and was very in-

quisitive about it. I said it would depend very much on her; that I could have no share in settling it, but that my wish was that in private she might enjoy every ease and comfort belonging to domestic happiness, but that when she appeared abroad, she should always appear as Princess of Wales, surrounded by all that 'appareil and etiquette' due to her elevated situation. She asked me what were the Queen's drawing-room days? I said Thursday and Sunday after church, which the King and Queen never missed; and I added that I hoped most ardently she would follow their example, and never, on any account, miss Divine Service on that day. 'Does the Prince go to church?' she asked me. I replied, she would, make him go; it was one of many advantages he would derive from changing his situation. 'But if he does not like it?' 'Why, then, your royal highness must go without him, and tell him that the fulfilling regularly and exactly this duty, can alone enable you to perform exactly and regularly those you owe him—this cannot but please him, and will, in the end, induce him also to go to church. The princess said mine was a very serious remark for a masquerade. I begged her pardon, and said it was, in fact, a more cheerful one than the most dissipated one I could have made, since it contained nothing *triste* in itself, and would infallibly lead to everything that was pleasant. She caught my idea with great quickness, and the last part of our conversation was very satisfactory.'

While the ambassador remained at the court of Brunswick, an anonymous letter received from England caused strange uneasiness.

He says "at dinner I found the duchess and princess alarmed, agitated, and uneasy at an anonymous letter from England, abusing the prince, and warning them in the most exaggerated terms against Lady —, who is represented as the worst and most dangerous of profligate women. The duchess, with her usual indiscretion, had shown this to the princess, and mentioned it to every body. I was quite angry with her, and could not avoid expressing my concern, first at paying any attention to an anonymous letter, and, secondly, at being so very imprudent as to bruit about its contents. The princess soon recovered it; but the duchess harped on it all day. The duke, on being acquainted with it, thought as I did, but was more uneasy about it than he ought. On his examining the letter, he assured me it came from England (I suspected it the work of some of the partisans of *Mdlle. Rosenzweig*, on her being refused), and that the person who wrote it wrote in the character of a man, not a woman, and said he was in the daily society of Carlton

House. *Mdlle. Hertzfeldt* again talks to me as before about the Princess Caroline: 'Il faut la gouverner par la peur, *par la terreur même*. Elle s'émancipera si on n'y prend pas garde — mais si on la veille soigneusement et sévèrement elle se conduira bien.' The king of England, in a letter to the duchess, says, 'Qu'il espère que sa nièce n'aura pas trop de vivacité, et qu'elle mènera une vie sédentaire et retirée.' These words shock Princess Caroline, to whom the duchess very foolishly reads the letter. Princess *Abbeuse* importunately civil and *coming*, and plagues me with her attentions and affection of wit and cleverness, and concern at our departure. Princess Caroline shows me the anonymous letter about Lady —, evidently written by some disappointed milliner or angry maid-servant, and deserving no attention; I am surprised the duke afforded it any. Aimed at Lady —, its object to frighten the princess with the idea that she would lead her into an affair of gallantry, and be ready to be convenient on such an occasion. This did not frighten the princess, although it did the duke and duchess; and on my perceiving this, I told her Lady — would be more cautious than to risk such an audacious measure; and that, besides, it was death to presume to approach a Princess of Wales, and no man would be daring enough to think of it. She asked me whether I was in earnest. I said such was our law; that anybody who presumed to love her was guilty of high treason, and punished with death, if she was weak enough to listen to him: so also would she. This startled her."

In summing up the princess's character his lordship does not speak very favourably of the promise she then exhibited. Her first meeting with the Prince of Wales is very strikingly given. His royal highness, it may be remembered, was said to be "the finest gentleman in Europe."

"I immediately notified the arrival to the King and Prince of Wales; the last came immediately. I, according to the established etiquette, introduced (no one else being in the room) the Princess Caroline to him. She very properly, in consequence of my saying to her it was the right mode of proceeding, attempted to kneel to him. He raised her (gracefully enough), and embraced her, said barely one word, turned round, retired to a distant part of the apartment, and, calling me to him said, 'Harry, I am not well; pray get me a glass of brandy.' I said, 'Sir, had you not better have a glass of water?'—upon which he, much out of humour, said, with an oath, 'No; I will go directly to the Queen, and away he went.'

Here we have "the first gentleman in Europe," calling for a glass of brandy with

an oath, the moment after he had embraced for the first time his affianced bride! What follows is not less curious. The Prince of Wales, having so abruptly quitted her, "The princess, left during this short moment alone, was in a state of astonishment; and, on my joining her, said, 'Mon Dieu! est-ce que le prince est toujours comme cela? Je le trouve très gros, et nullement aussi beau que son portrait.' I said his royal highness was naturally a good deal affected and flurried at this first interview, but she certainly would find him different at dinner. She was disposed to further criticisms on this occasion, which would have embarrassed me very much to answer, if luckily the king had not ordered me to attend him. The drawing-room was just over. His majesty's conversation turned wholly on Prussian and French politics, and the only question about the princess was, 'Is she good-humoured?' I said, and very truly, that in very trying moments, I had never seen her otherwise. The king said, 'I am glad of it;' and it was manifest, from his silence, he had seen the queen *since* she had seen the prince, and that the prince had made a very unfavourable report of the princess to her. At dinner, at which all those who attended the princess from Greenwich assisted, and the honours of which were done by Lord Stopford, as vice-chamberlain, I was far from satisfied with the princess's behaviour; it was flippant, rattling, affecting raillery and wit, and throwing out coarse vulgar hints about Lady Jersey, who was present, and though mute, *le diable n'en perdait rien*. The prince was evidently disgusted, and this unfortunate dinner fixed his dislike, which, when left to herself, the princess had not the talent to remove; but by still observing the same giddy manners and attempts at cleverness and coarse sarcasm, increased it till it became positive hatred."

"Thus bad *begun*." The evils that ensued to both the parties, as well as the nation, have now become matter of history. They ought not to be lost sight of whenever another royal marriage may be on the *tapis*. George III, when he brought about this ill-omened match, might have exulted in the strain adopted by Louis XI, when he compelled the Duke of Orleans to marry his uncomely daughter: "The children they are likely to have will be no great burthen to the state."

The Gatherer.

Singular Musical Catastrophe. — The magnificent new organ in the church of St. Eustache at Paris, has been burnt. Mr. Barker, an Englishman, who has for some

years been applying his ingenious mind to improve the organs of France, entered the instrument, to arrange some trifling disarrangement previous to the Christmas performances; the candle he was obliged to use, slipped from his hands, rolled into a corner of the complicated machine, from which there was no extricating it, and set it on fire. It was totally destroyed, and the church was much injured.

Navigation of the Elbe. — The bars at the entrance of the river Elbe have ever been the cause of most dangerous obstructions to its navigation, and frequently of shipwreck, involving serious loss of life as well as property. Mr. R. M. Sloman, an Englishman, residing at Hamburg, has proposed to make an attempt to remedy so great an evil. He would direct his efforts against those two formidable obstructions, the bars of Schulau and Blankanese; and he offers to do it at his own proper risk and cost; that is, he will receive nothing if he fail in the attempt, and if he succeed to be paid the actual outlay, and no more. He intends using the harrow or rake, which has been used with signal success in many parts of this country, and particularly in 1839, in assisting the formation of the New or Victoria Channel in the Mersey.

Lady Peel. — Worthy of her high station, the lady of Sir Robert Peel has recently addressed the following letter to Miss Brown, the lady whose delightful lyrics have won for her admiration hitherto not very fruitful of this world's wealth.

Whitehall, Dec. 24.

Madam.—There is a fund applicable, as vacancies may occur, to the grant of annual pensions of a very limited amount; which usage has placed at the disposal of the lady of the First Minister. On this fund there is a surplus of 20*l.* per annum. Lady Peel has heard of your honourable and successful exertions to mitigate, by literary acquirements, the effect of misfortune by which you have been visited—and should the grant of this pension for your life be acceptable to you, Lady Peel will have great satisfaction in such an appropriation of it.—I am, &c., ROBERT PEEL. (Signed).

CORRESPONDENTS.

"Tales from the Canvas," by Mr. Alexander Andrews, will immediately appear.
"K. B."s" Essay is too long, and, though sensible, contains nothing strikingly original.
The reason "A Subscriber," "Q in the Corner," "Henry," and several other correspondents, were not acknowledged was this. We could not approve, and wished to say nothing in disparagement of their offered contributions.

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